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1916

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Baby Grace

and Other Poems



Frank Willoughby

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and Other Poems

By
Frank Willoughby

*To my wife and children
this book is lovingly
dedicated by the author.*

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BABY GRACE.

The sweetest thing in all this world,
Is Baby Grace,
The sunniest smiles I ever saw,
Are on her face;
The most mischievous twinkle ever seen,
Is in her eyes,
She seems to think that life is fair,
And seldom cries.

She's like a golden sunbeam fair,
Within our home,
Life seems to have a sweeter charm,
Since she has come;
She rules with undisputed sway,
'Tis bondage sweet,
To do her bidding when she calls,
With willing feet.

We watch her day by day unfold,
A blossom fair,
Some cunning way, some added charm
Are always there;
She smiles and coos as playfully,
As any bird,
Her laughter, like a babbling brook,
Is ever heard.

The dimples in her rosy cheeks,
Play hide and seek,
With that one in her little chin,
Demure and meek;
The smiles like April sunbeams play
Across her face,
The sweetest thing I ever saw,
Is Baby Grace.

FRIENDSHIP.

I do not pray that useless stores of golden treasure,
Beloved or not,
Nor yet that one unbroken round of earthly pleasure,
May be your lot;
But rather, that your faith and love, no dross possessing,
As gold may shine,
And all your path be lighted up with heavenly blessing,
And peace divine.

I cannot ask that naught of bitter pain or sorrow,
Your cup may hold,
Or that you may not feel the shock to-day, tomorrow,
Of conflict bold;
But that the sanctifying power of furnace trial,
Though burning hot,
May leave your soul, as gain for every self denial,
Without a spot.

I would not seek to rescue you from grief's grim clutches,
Nor cry to spare,
When God, with his own loving, skilful master touches,
Your heart lays bare;
But I would wish to see thee rich in heavenly treasure,
Full well refined,
Yes, rich as God alone his bounteous gifts doth measure,
Nor fall behind.

I do not, cannot ask for you a lesser blessing,
Than God's own love;
To dwell with him, and all his boundless wealth possessing,
In heaven above;
For you and I are only waiting here as strangers,
Still bound for home,
Abiding, 'mid earth's darkening shades and many dangers,
Till God says, *come*.

MY DARLING.

When I think of you, my darling,
In the early morning light,
Where the new born day is treading
On the shadows of the night;
Then the memory of your presence,
Like a benediction sweet,
Fills my heart with faith and courage,
Life's unconquered ills to meet.

Like a flower whose fragrance lingers,
When its bloom has passed away,
Or a dream whose lovely image,
Hovers round me through the day;
So my spirit gathers sweetness,
From the bitter things of life,
When I think of you, my darling,
'Mid the turmoil and the strife.

Flowers may fade and dreams may vanish,
And the brightest hopes decay,
But the sweetness of your memory
Never more shall pass away;
Still love's potent charms surround me,
As I wait and hope and pray,
When I think of you, my darling,
Through the conflicts of the day.

Bye and bye the glorious morning,
Will dispel the gloom of night,
And the dreams my fancy painted,
God shall change from faith to sight;
Oh, the rapture of that meeting,
As I clasp you to my heart,
When I see your face, my darling,
Never more again to part.

A VIOLET'S SERMON.

A Violet,
With dewdrops wet,
Peeps out amid the forest green;
With gentle grace,
She lifts her face,
And charms me by her modest mien.

O lovely flower,
In woodland bower,
Come tell the secret of your charm;
The sweet perfume,
The lovely bloom,
That blushes on your face so warm.

What magic art,
Such charms impart,
And blends with queenly, purple hue,
A lowliness,
Which bears impress,
Of modesty, unfeigned and true.

“I live and grow,
God's love to show,
I have no beauty of my own;
Each lovely hue,
Impearled with dew,
Reflect's God's glory, His alone!”

Thus would I be,
From self set free,
And claim no merit of my own;
But sweetly shine,
With love divine,
Reflect God's glory, His alone!

PRAYING FOR YOU.

I am thinking of you, in the quiet of even,
As the past with its memories sweeps back to my view,
'Tis the hour when sweet incense is wafted to heaven,
God's people are praying, I'm praying for you.

I am praying for you at the dawn of the morning,
And when the stars peep from their curtain of blue;
When sunset with glory, the West is adorning,
And in the night watches, I'm praying for you.

I look at the stars shining silently o'er me,
Peeping out from their curtain of darkening blue,
But clearer and brighter your face comes before me,
Perhaps you can feel that I'm praying for you.

I pray that each moment the pure light of heaven,
May shine on your pathway, the whole journey through;
That God's choicest blessings to you may be given,
He hears me, I know, while I'm praying for you.

I know not the joys nor the griefs that surround you,
As onward you struggle, brave hearted and true,
But I know that Jehovah's strong arm is around you,
He'll bless you just now, while I'm praying for you.

How toilsome and weary the way since we parted!
How sweet it will be when the conflict is through!
God bless you, and guide you, and keep you true hearted,
Remember, if tempted, I'm praying for you.

Ere long all the toil and the strife will be ended,
The warfare be over, and heaven in view;
Our songs of rejoicing together be blended,
God keep you till then—I am praying for you.

THE NORTH WIND AND THE SOUTH WIND.

The North Wind blows his icy breath,
And Nature falls asleep in death;
All covered o'er from head to feet,
Beneath a snowy winding sheet.

The lanes, the fields, and woodland dell,
Are laid beneath the magic spell;
The brooklet, bound by Winter's bands,
Lies white and silent in his hands.

The birds pursue their yearly flight,
Away from winds that pinch and bite,
To where the Southland lies so fair,
And Springtime's odors fill the air.

The South Wind blows his balmy breeze,
That whispers gently in the trees,
And woos the cold earth back again,
Away from Winter's cruel chain.

The birds come back with cheerful song,
While multitudes of insects throng,
O'er field, and glen, and mountain side,
Or wriggle in the brooklet's tide.

The flowers bloom more sweet and fair,
Than e'er before, and fill the air,
With showers of blossoms, snowy white,
Whose fragrance fills us with delight.

Which one, my dear, do you love most,
The North Wind, with his snow and frost,
Or South Wind, bringing Springtime's bliss,
And Summer's sweet and fragrant kiss?

LIFE'S VISION.

When I faint in the heat of life's desert,
And my burdens seem heavy to bear,
When my hopes seem to mock and deceive me,
Like a beautiful mirage in air,
Then I turn from the pitiless present,
To a vision most lovely and bright,
Of the fair Dreamland hills of the future,
Touched with gleams of a heavenly light.

O'er the darkness and gloom of my pathway,
Shines, unchanging, Hope's beautiful star,
And I gaze as the mariner gazeth,
At the harbor light gleaming afar;
Till my burdens somehow seem to lighten,
The tempests around me grow calm,
And my weary heart, sick and discouraged,
Feels the touch of a heavenly balm.

So I think of life's beautiful vision,
'Mid the turmoil, and sorrow and strife,
When the storm rages fiercely around me,
And there's naught but the bitter in life,
Till its light, like a sunburst from glory,
Drives away all my sighs and my tears,
And I lean on the promise so faithful,
That dissolves all my doubts and my fears.

Weary heart, bravely battling with sorrow,
Look away from earth's conflicts and strife,
For there shineth for each of God's children,
A beautiful vision of life;
Like a message from heaven it is speaking,
"Be courageous and bear well thy part—"
Let the balm of its heavenly comfort,
Ever gladden and strengthen your heart.

TO EVELYN.

Hear, my love, the song I breathe,
For thy brow a chaplet wreathe,
Place a poet's garland there,
Thou, the fairest of the fair.

I will tell how first I wove,
Round thy heart the bands of love,
Wooded thee in thy virgin prime,
In love's sweetest summer time.

How my passion waked thine own,
Kept till then, a rose unblown,
Opened wide its petals fair,
Shed its perfume on the air.

Dream of love, how swift it sped,
With unclouded sky o'erhead;
'Twas a foretaste, love, of heaven,
For a few brief moments given.

But, alas, our sky o'ercast,
By misfortune's withering blast,
Vanished all our visions fair,
Melting castles in the air.

Broken-hearted, wounded sore,
Meekly thou thy sorrow bore,
Loving still, though hope was dead,
And its very essence fled.

Left in lonely widowhood,
Thou, my love, undaunted stood,
Pierced by many a cruel dart,
Through thy bruised and bleeding heart.

Into cruel bondage sold,
Robbed of honor and of gold,
Long in exile didst thou roam,
Waiting for thy summons home.

Called an outcast, by the world,
Slandrous tongues their venom hurled,—
How thy weary heart did yearn,
For thine absent lord's return.

When I turned again my face,
And beheld thy matchless grace,
Perfect was thy beauty then,
And I loved thee, Evelyn!

Then once more thy love I sought,
Priceless boon, so dearly bought,
Sued for favor at thy feet,
Till I won thy answer, meet.

Oh, the bliss when love returned,
And its holy passion burned,
For a moment clouded o'er,
Shone still brighter than before!

Hope's bright rainbow colors flung,
O'er the clouds which long had hung,
Like a pall across our way—
God has changed our night to day.

Now, together, hand in hand,
We shall walk the Promised Land,
Happy in each other's love,
Crowned with blessings from above.

Thus, my love, thy life would seem,
Like a glory tinted dream,
Image of thy people's own,
Through the centuries that have flown,
And a prophecy sublime,
Of that happy, golden time,
When the Lord shall bring again,
Israel's undisputed reign.

When the world shall see and know,
That her robes are white as snow—
That Jehovah's deathless love,
Shines on Israel from above!

TO HAROLD.

True, my love, what thou hast spoken,
Of my people's troubled past,
And the fair, prophetic token,
They with Christ shall reign at last.

And thine own, my love, hath pointed.
To Messiah's earthly life—
In the path of God's Anointed,
Thou hast felt his pain and strife.

Thou wast rich and crowned with glory,
In thy father's mansion dwelt,
But when touched by love's sweet story,
Thou its deepest passion felt.

Scorned were gold and high position,
E'en thy father's anger brooked,
Cast aside earth's fair ambition,
When on me thine eyes had looked.

Then my soul, thy passion feeling,
Hastened to requite thy love,
Like a crystal fount unsealing,
Kissed by sunbeams from above.

Happy days, so swiftly gliding,
Dreaming of the joys to be,
In each other's love confiding,
Sailing on a tranquil sea.

But the storm-clouds gathered round us,
Wrecked our frail and helpless bark,
Severed all the ties that bound us,
Left us groping in the dark.

Sweet, O sweet, love's dream, till blasted,
By thy hasty, jealous wrath,
Eden's bliss could it but lasted,
And no serpent crossed our path.

But before thine eyes were painted,
Scenes which broke love's magic spell,
For my virgin fame, was tainted,
With a sin as dark as hell.

In thy gloomy prison pining,
Broken-hearted, sad and lone,
All thy foes their power combining,
Life and reason to dethrone.

Days and nights of bitter anguish,
Feeling e'en the pains of hell,
In thy hopeless grief didst languish,
In a dark and loathsome cell.

But when God had heard thy groaning,
Saw the travail of thy soul,
Saw the grief for all atoning,
Bid thy burden off thee roll;

Then his glittering sword unsheathing,
Put to flight thy cruel foes,
And his vengeful fury breathing,
Cast on them thy heap of woes.

Turned thee to thy former station,
Gave thee honors great and high,
Clothed in robes of his salvation,
Thou, the apple of his eye!

To thy mourning bride returning,
Thou didst seek my love again,
For thy passion, deeper burning,
Pitied all my grief and pain.

Oh, the bliss when thou hadst found me,
And thy kisses warmed my cheek,
When I felt thine arms around me,
And I heard my lover speak!

O how bright the sunlight shining,
All the fearful night dispelled,
As upon thy breast reclining,
I thy changeless love beheld.

Thus, my love, thy life hath spoken,
As in certain prophecy,
Of that promise, yet unbroken—
Israel soon her Lord shall see!

MY FATHERLAND.

Beyond the sunset's golden glow,
Where Life's eternal fountains flow,
There lies my Fatherland.

A stranger and an exile here,
Oft pressed by doubt and anxious fear,
I long for Fatherland.

Some day I'll wing my homeward flight,
Far out upon the sunset light,
And seek my Fatherland.

I'll leave the world and care behind,
And past the sunset glow I'll find,
My own sweet Fatherland.

MY SAVIOUR.

I walked earth's dark and gloomy paths,
And sought in vain for rest,
My weary heart, with grief and pain
And bitterness oppres't;
Until I heard the Saviour call,
"Come, weary one, to me,
My yoke upon you meekly take,
And I will make you free."

I hearkened to His gentle voice,
I saw the nail-pierced hand,
And at my side, in pitying love,
I saw my Saviour stand;
He calmed my fears and bade me hope,
He told me of His love,
And promised me eternal bliss,
In His fair home above.

How could I turn from love so great,
Or grieve him further still,
By following on the downward road,
And trampling on His will;
I placed my trembling hand in His,
And owned my helplessness,
He covered me with His own robe
Of spotless righteousness.

And now my sorrows all have flown,
I'm walking in His ways;
My doubts and fears are all dissolved,
My heart is filled with praise.
No sorrows now for me to bear,
No bitterness or strife;
But fullest peace, and holy joy,
Make up my daily life.

THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

The Bridegroom soon is coming,
To claim his waiting bride,
And clothed in heavenly beauty,
We'll gather at his side.

The clouds before his presence
Will quickly flee away,
And earth's long night will vanish
Before eternal day.

The trumpet's blast will echo
O'er mountain, hill and plain,
The sleeping saints will waken,
And with their Saviour reign.

The King of Kings shall conquer
The latest, lingering foe,
And to his faithful servants
His power and glory show.

The signs that mark his coming,
His watchful ones discern,
And gleaming skies betoken
The Bridegroom's quick return.

Oh, Christian, up, be ready!
Your lamps keep trimmed and bright,
For soon we'll hail the Master,
And walk with him in white.

Oh sinner, come to Jesus,
The door is open wide;
Come quickly ere it closes,
And mercy be denied.

THE RESURRECTION.

Within the confines of the tomb,
The Saviour's body lay,
While earth was shrouded in a gloom
That quenched the light of day;
The Roman soldiers guarded well
That sacred resting place,
And, seemingly, the powers of hell
Were victors over grace.

But lo, the armies of the skies,
Unseen, were gathering round,
To watch the mighty Conqueror rise,
Whom death had firmly bound;
And earth's dead hope, in that dark hour,
Though buried in the tomb,
Revived by God's almighty power,
Was soon to bud and bloom.

The Roman guard, in dire dismay,
Jehovah's cohorts see,
An angel rolled the stone away,
And set the prisoner free;
Forth from the regions of the dead
The living Saviour rose,
Captivity he captive led,
And triumphed o'er His foes.

O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!
Repeat it through eternity,
As countless millions sing;
All praise to Him, the Son of God,
Who vanquished death and hell,
Let all creation sing aloud,
And of His glory tell.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

Have faith in God, though storms may rage,
And dark the clouds may be today;
With holy zeal the conflict wage,
And 'mid the tempest, watch and pray.

Have faith in God, the sun will shine,
And chase the gloomy night away;
His love hath planned your path and mine,
The night will soon give place to day.

Have faith in God, for faith will win,
And every conflict will impart
A greater strength to combat sin,
A deeper calmness in the heart.

Have faith in God, nor shrink the cross,
A radiant crown the conqueror wears;
There's sure reward for every loss,
A royal throne the victor shares.

PENITENCE.

Dear Lord, forgive my waywardness,
And save me from my deep distress;
Relieve me of these anxious fears,
And sweetly wipe away my tears.

Where'er my heart has gone astray
And left the straight and narrow way,
There let the blood of Jesus flow,
And make me whiter than the snow.

O, let me henceforth walk with thee,
From sin and self completely free,
No more let things of earth divide,
My soul from Thee, my blessed Guide.

WAITING.

I am thinking of the moment when we parted,
When last I looked into your deep blue eyes,
I am dreaming of the hope that thrilled my being,
And still within my bosom fondly lies;
I wonder if you think of me, still waiting,
For some sweet, tender token of your love,
Or, if, perchance, your heart instead grows colder,
And all my weary waiting vain shall prove.

I would not dread the days of anxious waiting,
If Hope's bright rainbow colors lit the sky,
For love would gild the hours with golden glory,
And faith would bring the joys I covet, nigh;
But if, alas, my lovely dreams be shattered,
And all my patient waiting be in vain,
Then life for me, would lose its sweetest pleasure,
And naught remain but bitter grief and pain.

Oh love of mine, you cannot be so cruel!
You will not break this loyal heart of mine!
Oh, tell me that the love for which I'm yearning,
Shall be my own, as true as I am thine!
You cannot still resist my earnest pleading,
I will compel you by the power of love,
To give the answer that I seek, my darling,
You cannot 'gainst such love unfeeling prove.

TO A SONG BIRD.

Sing on, thou happy, warbling bird,
For though thy songs may not be heard,
By hosts of praising mortals,
Thy God above, doth hear thy lays,
That sweetly blend with angels' praise,
Within the heavenly portals.

INSPIRATION.

Why not hope for something better,
If we follow after God,
And the freeborn soul unfetter,
From the common earthy clod.

Why not glory in the crosses,
That from day to day we meet,
Finding gain for all our losses,
In a fellowship most sweet.

Why not take what God has given,
For our comfort and delight,
Live each day in touch with heaven,
Walk each moment in its light.

Why not leave the world behind us,
Dwell upon the mountain top,
Letting each tomorrow find us,
Where new paths with fatness drop.

A GARDEN FAIR.

A noble mind is a garden fair,
Where grows a fruitage rich and rare,
Of thoughts that noble lives inspire,
And light Ambition's glowing fire.

But one impure, unholy thought,
With its attending evils fraught,
Is like a noisome weed that grows,
Beside the Lily or the Rose.

Sweet flowers are choked by noxious weeds,
And evil thoughts bear evil deeds;
Then cultivate your garden well,
Before the seeds of evil swell.

BABYLON.

O golden city! Thou whose pride
Hath said, "I am, and none beside!"
Thy pomp, thy splendor and thy power,
Have brought at last the fatal hour.
Give heed! Thy sins like mountains rise,
And call for vengeance from the skies;
Thy noonday sun is sunk in gloom,
God's voice proclaims thy hastening doom!

Thou hast forsook the paths of peace,
Therefore thy prosperous days shall cease;
Thy light shall wane, thy beauty fade,
And punishment so long delayed,
Shall fall upon thee swift and sure—
Thy wounds, thy lovers cannot cure;
God's day of mercy now is past,
And from His presence thou art cast!

And wond'rest thou at this thy fate,
Or weepest thou, when now too late?
Thy sins are great and manifold,
Yet one by one shall they be told;
Thy selfish heart hath gathered spoil,
Unjustly wrung from sons of toil;
You grind the faces of the poor,
Nor seek their bitter ills to cure!

Thy judgments favor not the right,
But Truth and Justice bow to Might;
The wicked prosper in thy land,
With none to stay their bloody hand;
Thy orphans groan and cry for bread,
While widows mourn for husbands dead;
Thy sons (but few) who stand for right,
Are scorned and banished from thy sight!

Thy bloody hands with bribes are filled,
Your palaces of sin you build,
With gains illgotten and defiled—
A harlot's price, a spotless child;
Exalted in thy proud estate,
Thy counsellors, Pride, and Lust, and Hate—
The statutes of thy Lord and God
Beneath thy wicked feet are trod!

No more to Him thy prayers are made,
Who girded thee, and thee arrayed
In thy rich robes, and prospered thee,
Broke all thy chains and set thee free—
But to false lovers thou art turned,
And unto other gods hast burned
The incense of thy love and praise,
Nor grieved thee for thy faithless ways!

The summer shower, the harvest yield,
The increase of thy herd and field,
Are not from Him—thy gods alone
Have placed thee on thy glittering throne;
Why marvel, then, that plagues are sent,
Or that Jehovah's bow is bent,
And filled with firey bolts of woe,
To humble thee, and bring thee low!

Thy judges judge for love of gain,
The rulers follow in their train;
Thy wise men publish Truth a liar,
The prophets teach or preach for hire;
Thy seers unbroken peace proclaim,
And bid thee glory in thy shame.
Where is thy boasted progress, then,
And where thy nobler race of men?

But these dark sins are least of all,
And while for vengeance yet they call,
Thy crowning sin, O harlot base,
Shall now rebuke thee to thy face;
A greater sin thy soul hath dyed—
It is thy stiffnecked, hateful *pride*!
Thy nakedness thou canst not see,
From vengeance, blind, thou canst not flee!

That sin which hurled from heaven's light
To regions of eternal night,
The angels, who in pride rebelled—
That sin thy wicked heart hath swelled!
Thou canst not blush or feel thy shame,
Thou hast a harlot's brow, and name;
Thou dost not mourn thy wickedness,
Nor seek to change thy filthy dress!

For *this*, thy haughty, stubborn pride,
Thy Lord's free mercy is denied;
Henceforth stern justice thou shalt meet,
Till thou art prostrate at His feet!
His weapons, sword and pestilence,
Shall find thee left without defense;
And flaming fire, along thy path,
Shall show the fierceness of His wrath!

Thy land shall like a desert be,
The fruit shall wither on the tree;
The field and flock shall yield no meat,
Till wreck and ruin be complete!
Thy pride, thy arrogance and lust,
Shall lay thee prostrate in the dust;
God's judgments on thy head shall smite,
Destroy, and cast thee out of sight!

MY DELIVERER.

When all around my soul was dark,
The Saviour came to me;
He drove the darkness all away,
And set my spirit free.

He spoke with tender, loving tone,
“Look unto Me and live;
Eternal life, and joy, and peace,
To thee I freely give.”

The light of heaven about me shown,
I found the narrow way
That leads to that bright home above,
The land of endless day.

I'll tell the story of His love
As long as life shall last,
And sing before His throne in heaven
When earthly scenes are past.

AT HARVEST TIME.

Beside the lane,
The golden grain,
Is nodding to each passing breeze;
His wealth untold,
In seas of gold,
The prosperous, happy farmer sees.

The harvest moon,
The flowers of June,
Bring back again their magic charm;
His life is spent,
In sweet content,
The man's a king, who owns a farm.

IMMANUEL.

All along earth's rugged pathway,
Jesus traveled, and he knows,
All the weight of earthly sorrows,
And the depth of human woes—
Man of Sorrows, look at Him!

In the way of human suffering,
Went he to the bitter end,
In our darkest hours of conflict,
He will still our cause defend—
Loving Saviour, trust in Him!

Now exalted by the Father,
Lives He still to intercede,
See! His wounds received on Calvary,
For our pardon ever plead—
Great High Priest, confide in Him!

Constant Friend and Elder Brother,
Well He knows our every grief,
Looks on us in deep compassion,
Grants us sweet and full relief—
Son of God, abide in Him!

E'en the weakest of His children,
Claim His constant, loving care,
Bears them on His gentle bosom,
Doth their every sorrow share—
Tender Shepherd, rest in Him!

In the home of many mansions,
Waits He yet to claim his own,
Where e'er long His chosen people,
Will be gathered round His throne—
Loving Bridegroom, watch for Him!

THE HOPE OF GLORY.

Long I battled with the tempter,
Vainly striving to be good,
With the hosts of sin about me,
Like an overwhelming flood;
Now I've ceased my useless struggles,
And my helplessness I own,
Every foe is met and vanquished,
By the power of God alone.

REFRAIN:

Oh, my life is full of sunshine,
And my heart is glad and free,
Christ in me, the hope of glory,
Is my song of victory!

Once I wandered in the shadows,
Often saddened by defeat,
Sorely troubled by the dangers,
And the foes I had to meet;
Now I'm walking in the sunlight,
And I fear no rude alarms,
For I know that round about me,
Are the everlasting arms!

All my fears and griefs I tell him,
Lay each burden at his feet,
And life's ills grow light and vanish,
In a fellowship so sweet;
I have learned the precious secret,
Of a perfect victory,
For the mighty God of heaven,
Hath revealed His Son in me.

VICTORY THROUGH GRACE.

Christian soldier, hear thy Captain,
Urging on his chosen band,
He is leading them to victory,
And to win the Promised Land;
Rich reward he gives the faithful,
When the enemy's o'erthrown,
In the glory that is promised,
And the grace that He has shown.

Where the conflict rages fiercely,
And the valiant soldiers fall,
Where the enemy is strongest,
There we hear the Master's call;
And his voice renews our courage,
Though we face the foe alone,
For the glory that is promised,
And the grace that He has shown.

Then the battle grows more bitter,
Satan's forces seem to win,
And our hearts grow sick and falter,
At the dread assaults of sin;
But above the raging tumults,
Sounds a voice with cheering tone,
"For the glory that is promised,
And the grace that He has shown."

Now the shock of battle lessens,
And the foe retires dismayed,
For the Saviour hurls them backward,
With his strong and timely aid;
Soon we'll hear the joyful summons,
Gather there about his throne,
And we'll see the glory promised,
And the grace that he has shown.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Angels left the realms of glory,
For the darkened fields of earth,
To proclaim the wondrous story,
Of Messiah's lowly birth;
Shepherds there their watch were keeping,
In the solemn hush of night,
While the weary world lay sleeping,
Till the coming of the light.

Hark! The starry skies are rending,
With a burst of heavenly song,
All in one grand chorus blending,
From the bright celestial throng;
O'er Judea's hilltops streaming,
Falls a flood of golden light,
Brighter far than sunlight gleaming,
In the darkness of the night.

Golden harps and angel voices,
Mingle in one sweet refrain,
While the weary earth rejoices,
As it echoes back the strain;
Unto men this day is given,
Heaven's rarest, brightest gem,
Jesus Christ, the Lord of Heaven,
Lies a babe in Bethlehem.

Unto men, good will forever,
From the Lord of Hosts proclaim,
Over mountain, sea and river,
Sound the honors of his name;
Peace on earth, in heaven glory,
Sing hosannas to our King,
Tell to all the joyful story,
Till the hills and valleys ring.

Earth no more shall weep in sadness,
God himself shall speed the day,
When before the joy and gladness,
Sorrow's night shall flee away;
Heaven and earth shall be united,
Christ by all shall be adored,
And the whole wide world be lighted,
With the glory of the Lord.

FOR ALL ETERNITY.

When Jesus sealed my pardon,
Upon the cruel tree,
He made me heir of heaven,
For all eternity.

He broke the bonds of Satan,
From sin He set me free,
An open door to heaven,
For all eternity.

No more in darkness walking,
Apart from him to be,
But with the Lord of glory,
For all eternity.

And when I reach the haven,
His blessed face I'll see,
To dwell before His presence,
For all eternity.

A home among the angels,
With loved ones there to be,
To know no more of sorrow,
For all eternity.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

In the dusk of Winter's evening,
With its cold and cheerless air,
While the snow was thickly falling,
Through the trees so grim and bare;
All alone, a trembling female
Slowly passed from street to street,
Finding ne'er a place of refuge
For her cold and weary feet.

All alone, forlorn and friendless,
Facing sorrow, sin and want,
Little wonder that the shadows
Seemed like specters, tall and gaunt;
Full of evil, dark foreboding,
Standing on the brink of woe,
Pierced by cold and racked with hunger,
In the cruel, blinding snow!

Still it seemed the "Priest" and "Levite"
Passed her by without a word,
Underneath the very shadow
Of the temple of the Lord;
And, alas, no invitation
Into light, and life, and hope,
But in blacker, deeper darkness
Helplessly her way to grope.

Last of all to pass beside her
Came a woman, poorly dressed,
Weary with her day of labor,
Longing for the evening's rest;
Yet her mother heart grew tender
As she read the tale of woe,
In the face of this poor stranger
Crouching in the drifting snow.

Mother's instinct guessed the secret
Of the stranger's deep distress,
And her love could take the burden,
Self-imposed, with cheerfulness;
"Come with me," she whispered kindly,
"'Tis a wild and stormy night;
In my humble little cottage,
You will find it warm and bright."

So, with loving invitation,
To her home she led the waif,
And beside the cheery firelight
From the storm they soon were safe;
Light and warmth so bright and cheerful
Made the humble cottage seem
Like the gateway into heaven
In the ruddy firelight's gleam.

And the matron's quavering treble,
As she sang of Jesus' love,
Seemed like sweet, angelic music
Heard from out the courts above;
Telling of the loving Shepherd
Bringing to His fold the lost,
In His wonderful compassion,
Saving to the uttermost.

So a soul was gained for heaven
By an act of kindness done,
And a bright and radiant jewel
For the Saviour's crown was won;
Out of darkness and pollution,
Out of blackness and despair,
Grew a life of saintly beauty
In the Saviour's image fair.

And, though men may hear but little
Of this noble woman's deed,
And the world may never know her,
Nor her simple story read;
Yet the Lord will own her service
When life's fleeting day is o'er,
And will give her joyous welcome
On the bright eternal shore.

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why the ones we love,
The truest and the best,
So early seek the home above,
And enter into rest.

I wonder why the loveliest flowers
That deck earth's gardens fair,
Are with us but a few brief hours,
Then leave the fields all bare.

I wonder why the birds that sing,
With songs so blithe and gay,
Come only with the balmy spring,
And soon they fly away.

I wonder why our brightest hopes
So soon are overcast
With darkness, where our spirit gropes
'Mid storms and tempest blast.

I think I know the reason why
Earth's dearest joys are fleet—
In heaven they can never die,
Or ever grow less sweet.

RIVER OF SALVATION.

Wondrous river of salvation,
Flowing from the throne of God,
By whose shores the happy angels,
And the ransomed saints have trod;
Ever deeper, wider growing,
Is its pure, unceasing flow,
Bringing life and peace and blessing,
Where its healing waters go.

REFRAIN.

Blessed river of salvation,
Love of God, so rich and free;
Flowing on and on forever,
Through a long eternity.

From the loving heart of Jesus,
Flows the river's boundless tide,
'Tis the fulness of the Spirit,
Promised to His waiting Bride;
I can feel his hallowed presence,
There is glory in my soul,
And my heart sings hallelujah,
As the living waters roll!

Stream of life so sweetly flowing,
With its cleansing, healing flood,
Gift of God, for sinners purchased,
By the Saviour's precious blood;
Smiling fields and fruitful vineyards,
Clothed in radiant beauty stand,
Watered by Salvation's River,
Flowing through the Promised Land.

In that fair celestial city,
Where no evil thing can come,
We shall know love's perfect fulness,
When at last we gather home;
In the presence of the Saviour,
We shall dwell eternally,
Where the waters of life's river,
Mingle in the crystal sea.

LIFE'S HIGHWAY.

Methinks I see that mighty host,
Who yesterday the desert cros't,
Still standing on the shore;
The dreary wastes, the blazing sky,
And burning sands, behind them lie,
The Promised Land before.

Fair Canaan greets their eager sight,
A land of riches and delight,
All robed in living green;
A land of olive tree and vine,
With goodly stores of oil and wine,
But Jordan rolls between!

And ere they cross that sullen stream,
Whose waters flash with angry gleam,
That makes their hearts afraid;
Jehovah's hand must clear the path,
And that dread *type of judgment wrath*,
In mercy must be stayed.

The Ark, God's covenant of peace,
Must bring to them a full release,
From judgment's dread alarm;
Through that great flood, in dark array,
Jehovah walks and clears the way,
With His Almighty arm!

What aileth thee, thou stream of death,
That at Jehovah's faintest breath,
Thy waters flee apace!
Thy proud, defiant, threatening waves,
Like resurrection opened graves,
To life have given place!

O wondrous view of God's great plan,
That we in anti-type may scan
The way from earth to heaven!
The sacrifice on Calvary,
The empty tomb's prevailing plea,
In thee are plainly given!

No more we fear death's threatening wave,
Nor yet the terrors of the grave,
For God hath brought to light
A glorious immortality,
O'er death and hell the victory,
Was wrought by his own might!

From out the wilderness we come,
From earth's dark wastes, to seek the home,
Prepared for us above;
We travel hand in hand with God,
O'er Jordan's flood we pass dry shod,
Triumphant through His love!

Where is thy victory, O grave!
Thy sting, O death, like Jordan's wave,
Has lost its power to harm!
To the fair Promised Land above,
Our Father leads us by his love,
And His Almighty arm.

AN IDOL.

Within the garden of the soul,
The Saviour walked one day,
And at His blest approach, I knelt,
To welcome him and pray.

“Thy will, dear Lord, is sweet to me,
Thou art my chief delight;
No idol lurks within my heart,
To grieve Thy holy sight.”

He looked at me in pitying love,
Then grieved, turned away;
A moment thus, and then I heard
Him sadly, gently say—

“Thou thinkest thy heart and love are mine,
No idol dost thou own,
And yet thou hast one idol still,
That occupies My throne.”

He placed his hand upon my heart,
And touched one cherished dream,
A harmless joy, a lovely thing,
Nor evil could it seem!

“Not that, O Lord!” I quickly cried,
“I pray Thee, spare my heart;
It is a precious gift from Thee,
And must I with it part?”

In truth it *was* a harmless thing,
Love’s pure and holy flame,
A hope that I some happy day,
My *heart’s desire* might claim.

“It is too dear,” the Master said,
With gentle, pitying tone,
“A snare to thee, as much would be,
As god of wood or stone.”

My heart was wrung with bitter pain,
I cried in agony,
“O Lord, I pray Thee, spare me this,
And Thou my love shall see!”

He gently took my trembling hand,
And drew me to his breast,
“It is too dear,” He said again;
“But I will be thy rest.”

With deft and gentle touch He took,
The idol from my heart;
He drew it forth, then looked at me,
And bade me with it part.

Then in my broken, bleeding heart,
He poured the healing balm,
His matchless love I owned at last,
My troubled soul was calm.

His love my very being thrilled,
With ecstasy divine;
I owned him as my chiefest joy,
He answered, “Thou art Mine.”

And then with sweetest voice He said,
“Thy heart’s dear wish receive;
Since thou hast crowned me Lord indeed,
My love it cannot grieve.”

And lo! The joy I long had craved,
I saw with glad surprise,
A thousandfold more sweet and fair,
Before my wondering eyes.

“It will not harm thee now,” He said,
“I give it back to thee;
My love shall sanctify the gift,
That thou mayest happy be.”

ABIDING IN JESUS.

Abiding in Jesus, O refuge so sweet,
No trials can move me, my rest is complete;
Though dangers surround me, and tempests may rage,
There's naught but his presence, my thoughts can engage.

Abiding in Jesus, there's fulness of joy,
No trouble or sorrow, His peace can destroy;
His will is my pleasure, my sweetest delight,
His presence my sunshine, eternally bright.

Abiding in Jesus, O refuge divine,
How sweet on His dear loving breast to recline;
Through clouds and through sunshine He leadeth me still,
And daily my life with His blessings doth fill.

GLORIOUS IMMORTALITY.

I'll touch my harp and sing a strain,
The angels sing in glory,
Let Nature join the glad refrain,
And men repeat the story.

Behold what love, what boundless love,
Our Lord to us has given;
We're told as sons, to look above,
Made heirs of God and heaven!

Made heirs of all His vast domain,
Ye starry hosts, adore Him;
I'll one day be among your train,
And worship there before him!

When we have run our course below,
And passed death's shadowy portal,
We'll see His glorious face, and know,
What joy to be immortal!

SUMMER CLOUDS.

The fleecy clouds go sailing by,
Across the placid summer sky,
Like ships that seek some far off clime,
Along the distant shores of Time.

In fancy now I read their lore,
As swift they pass from shore to shore,
Some, stately merchant ships I ween,
With smaller vessels in between.

And there a "liner" with its freight,
Of human souls, who anxious wait,
To cast their anchor by the strand,
And greet once more their native land.

Or there, perhaps, a battleship,
All bristling o'er from tip to tip,
With various kinds of deadly guns,
As on her gruesome course she runs.

And so my fancy weaves a tale,
As past they sweep with swelling sail,
Of "men o' war" and cruisers fast,
Borne swiftly by the stormy blast.

Ah, ships of every age and clime,
I see their stately march sublime,
And hear the rustling of their shrouds,
My phantom ships—the summer clouds.

MEDITATION.

Look up, sad heart, and cease thy useless fretting,
And grieving over failures of the past;
Regrets are vain, except they be our teachers,
To urge us on and upward toward the goal.

Thou can'st not find the help and strength thou seekest,
In looking backward at the troubled past;
The broken vows and bitter disappointments,
Too oft recalled, would drive thee to despair.

Let go for aye, the painful recollections,
That all these weary years have vexed thy soul;
Give up the past, with all its ghostly shadows,
And turn thy face forever to the light.

Forget the heartaches and the days of anguish,
That pressed with awful weight upon thy soul;
Turn from the griefs that left thee broken hearted,
Give up, for aye, the past and build anew.

Henceforth look forward to the gleaming portal,
That opens wide to let the victor in;
Some day, triumphant, thou wilt cross the threshold,
And know the joy of God's eternal life.

Then daily, as you travel on the highway,
That leads you onward to the shining goal,
Reach out a hand and help some weary brother,
Who struggles, faint, beneath his heavy load.

Thrice happy he, who lifts another's burden,
And leaves his own, deep buried, in the past;
Such lives as this will find a full fruition,
Within the pearly gates of Paradise.

'Tis only he who really loves his brother,
Can truly boast of fellowship with God ;
And only he who lives a life of service
Will know the blessedness of doing good.

Deny thyself, nor ever be forgetful,
That, serving others, we ourselves are served ;
For he who humbly takes the lowest station,
Shall stand the nearest to his risen Lord.

Then through eternity, our lives will broaden,
As circles widen on a boundless sea ;
The more we love, and minister to others,
The more our raptured souls shall know of love.

HOLY SPIRIT.

Gracious Spirit, hear my plea,
Come and sweetly dwell in me ;
Drive away the dreary night,
Make my faith and hope more bright.

Blessed Comforter and Guide,
Let me feel Thee at my side,
While my prayers like incense rise,
Never ceasing, to the skies.

There within the Holy Place,
Let me see my Saviour's face ;
To my vision clearly bring,
Jesus Christ, my Lord and King.

When my earthly life shall close,
Let my spirit find repose,
In that land of fadeless light,
Where my faith shall change to sight.

THE CALL.

*“Draw near, my child, draw nearer still,
And learn Thy Father’s righteous will;
Thou art content too far to dwell,
From where the streams of blessing swell.”*

Thy Call, my Father, I have heard,
Thy love, my careless heart hath stirred;
I come to Thee at morn and ev’n,
My steps lead to my home in heaven.

*“At morn and even, thou sayest well,
In heaven at last, thou mayest dwell,
But here, on earth, thou art to prove,
Still greater wonders of My love.”*

Thy blessing, Lord, each day I find,
Thou art most merciful and kind;
Thy ways are peace and rest indeed,
Thou hast supplied my every need.

*“My peace indeed, to thee is given,
An earnest of the joy of heaven,
But thou must learn of hidden things,
As each new day its lesson brings.”*

I hoped, dear Father, I had learned,
Thy will, and had thy truth discerned—
Am ever anxious yet, to find,
New glimpses of my Father’s mind.

*“Then draw thou near, nor fear the pain,
Or suffering which shall bring thee gain;
I choose the paths of deepest woe,
My richer blessings to bestow.”*

Take thou my hand, and lead Thy child,
The night is dark, the storm is wild;
My way, 'mid thorns and briars is found,
My foes, exulting, gather round.

*“Fear not, my child, these threatening woes,
Nor yet the malice of thy foes;
My servants they, whose wrath shall prove,
The deepest treasures of my love.”*

No more, my Father, will I plead;
Thou knowest my weakness and my need;
Whate'er Thou sendest, still shall be,
The message of Thy love to me.

*“ 'Tis this, my child, thy perfect faith,
To trust whate'er thy Father saith,
Still trusting where thou canst not see,
My image shall be wrought in thee.”*

THE STARS.

I stand and gaze upon the stars,
And read the grand triumphant story;
The swelling notes on golden bars,
Declare my Lord's unfading glory.

Could feeble sense but read the lines,
What revelations of His love,
Were seen in every star that shines,
Upon the gleaming arch above.

NATURE'S REBELLION.

A piping goldfinch once was heard,
By thoughts of indignation stirred,
To call for retribution,
Upon the head of guilty man,
Who, resting 'neath this awful ban,
Was threatened dissolution.

And so a council was convened,
Part on the ground, and others screened
Behind the leafy branches;
The blue-jay and the little wren,
The coyote and the prairie hen,
The rabbit on his haunches.

“I think it's time,” the goldfinch said,
And wisely shook his little head,
“Our grievous wrongs were righted.”
“And I am sure,” the fox returned,
“This lesson we have sadly learned,
Our hopes are wellnigh blighted.”

“My judgment,” said the owl, “would be,
To summon man beneath this tree,
To answer at court martial;
And let him know that we demand,
More courteous treatment at his hand,
And rights that are impartial.”

“To hope for justice seems amiss,
And man's alone to blame for this,”
The rabbit faintly muttered;
“We're trodden down and in distress,”
The brown thrush said, and smoothed her dress,
The wind had gaily fluttered.

Thus one by one, each had his say,
Till lo, a hunter passed that way,
And found them at their chatter;
Then bang! his gun went off, and made
Them scamper to the forest shade,
With much ado and clatter .

MORAL:

Whene'er you plot against a foe,
The better part of valor show,
And always post a sentry;
Lest you be taken unaware,
And peradventure you should share,
The fate of this poor gentry.

THE HEAVEN BELLS.

The heaven bells are ringing,
Within the golden gate,
My soul its flight is winging,
To where the angels wait.

The heaven bells are ringing,
Their silvery chimes I hear,
God's promised blessing bringing,
Dispelling doubt and fear.

The heaven bells are ringing,
Their notes of joy and praise,
While angels join in singing,
Their tuneful, happy lays.

The heaven bells are ringing,
I hear them just at hand,
God's chariot low is swinging,
To take me to that land.

THE HARBOR LIGHT.

I am sailing across the stormy deep,
And the raging billows around me sweep,
But my eyes are fixed on the harbor light,
That gleams like a star in the darkest night.

I am bound for the haven across the tide,
Where the ships at anchor forever ride,
And I think of the glorified saints in white,
Who have safely passed by the harbor light.

As the needle points to the steadfast Pole,
So the Lord's own presence within my soul,
Directs my course toward the harbor light,
That shines with a radiance clear and bright.

I can laugh at the tempest's awful roar,
For it wafts my bark toward the other shore ;
And the thundering waves, in their angry might,
Only drive me nearer the harbor light.

I will smile at the tempest, and praise the Lord,
For the blessed light of His holy Word,
Till my soul in triumph outrides the night,
And I safely pass by the harbor light.

IN MEMORIAM.

A voice is hushed, a pulse is stilled,
That once with joyous hope was thrilled,
 And brought sweet sunshine to our lives;
But now the sweet voiced bird has flown,
The harp untouched has lost its tone,
 The weary heart no longer strives.

A gloom upon our lives is cast,
Spring's sunshine turned to Winter's blast,
 We miss her loving, fond caress;
But out of Love's rich treasury,
And all that's sweet in memory,
 Our overwhelming grief express.

But while we sit in sorrowing grief,
Nor find a balm that brings relief,
 Until this earthly life is o'er;
Methinks I hear her happy voice,
That sings, while heavenly scenes rejoice,
 Float downward from that shining shore.

Wife, mother, daughter, sister, friend,
The hearts that in their anguish rend,
 Are lonely now without your song;
Yet in those far off fields of light,
We know, that robed in purest white,
 You're with the sweet voiced angel throng.

ON THE RIVER.

Smoothly does the river glide,
Through the meadow land,
Ever playing at its side,
With the shining sand.

There the water cresses dip,
In the crystal tide,
And the little fishes slip,
In its depths to hide.

There the birds oft bathe their wings,
Circling in their flight,
And the drooping willow swings,
In the breeze so light.

There the water lilies bloom,
In their beauty rare,
Giving out their sweet perfume,
On the balmy air.

Oh, what bliss it brings to me,
Gliding in and out,
In my boat so light and free,
Leisurely about.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

I saw her by the arbor tree,
And she was fair, as fair could be,
Her shining golden tresses down,
And flowing round her like a gown.

A crown of roses on her head,
That vied with tempting lips of red,
The azure of her lovelit eyes,
Was like the famed Italian skies.

I heard her laugh, 'twas like the lay,
Of merry birds engaged in play;
Her smiles, like limpid crystal deep,
Oft stirred in ripples from its sleep.

Her voice was like some singing fountain,
That plays from out a magic mountain,
As low and gentle as the breeze,
When Springtime whispers in the trees.

Her form! Ah, sculptor's art were vain,
To reproduce its like again;
More fair than any artist's dream,
My Evelyn, to me doth seem!

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Something now divine and holy,
Draws my thoughts from earthly things,
And my soul is kneeling lowly,
At his feet, the King of kings.

Softly now the evening vesper,
Floats in sweetness on the air,
Like a hushed and loving whisper,
Breathing out its fervent prayer.

Father, take me in Thy keeping,
In the shadow of Thy wing,
While unconscious I am sleeping,
Round me angel watchers bring.

Now within my heart so weary,
Shed Thy cleansing, healing balm,
And the way no more looks dreary,
All is peace and heavenly calm.

In Thy secret place I'll hide me,
Safely rest till morning light,
Where no evil can betide me,
Trusting in Thy love and might.

Father, take me as a mother,
Takes her weary little child,
Softly soothes as can no other,
Into slumber sweet beguiled.

ONE THING I KNOW.

One thing I know, that better land,
Which lies beyond the sunset glow,
Is clothed in beauty, rich and grand,
Where living streams forever flow.

One thing I know, those sunny fields
Are decked with flowers of brightest hue,
And every bloom sweet perfume yields,
'Neath skies that smile forever blue.

One thing I know, that perfect bliss
Is promised all who enter there,
And perfume-laden breezes kiss
The brow once racked with anxious care.

One thing I know, that endless life
Shall never feel the weight of care,
Forever free from pain and strife,
We'll dwell in mansions bright and fair.

O, land of bliss, when shall I see
Those rapturous sights and beauties fair?
When shall my soul, from earth set free,
Those mansions bright with Jesus share.

“'Twill not be long,” I hear Him say,
“A few more days of service lend;
Then thou shalt leave the weary clay,
And count thy warfare at an end.”

GRACE AND GLORY.

I have heard my Saviour calling,
But the way was dark and drear,
And the shadows of the midnight
Filled my heart with doubt and fear;
But the sweetness of His pleading,
As He claimed me for his own,
Told of glory that is promised,
And the grace that He has shown.

How could earth's vain pleasures tempt me,
Or the ways of sin look fair?
How could Satan's wiles entice me,
When my Saviour waited there?
Was there ever love so tender,
Making all His wealth my own,
In the glory that is promised,
And the grace that He has shown?

Love has won my heart's devotion,
I have found a treasure rare,
He's the Lily of the Valley,
And the Rose of Sharon fair;
Earth no more can claim my worship,
I am drawing near His throne,
Singing daily of His glory,
And the grace that He has shown.

STEER AWAY FROM THE ROCKS.

Oh, mariner, sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
God's compass and chart that are given to thee
Will aid you amid the wild hurricane's shocks
To steer safely through and keep clear of the rocks.

REFRAIN.

Oh list to the Spirit, as gently He knocks,
Give heed to His warning, steer off from the rocks!

And e'en where the waters are calm, there are shoals
And half-sunken reefs that have wrecked many souls;
Then list to the heavenly guest as He knocks,
Dispise not his warning, steer off from the rocks.

The billows of sin and temptation may roll,
And try in their fury to conquer your soul;
But while the fierce tempest so cruelly mocks,
Stand firm at the helm! Steer off from the rocks!

Sail straight for the harbor, nor dally with wrong,
And turn a deaf ear to the siren's sweet song;
There's many a wreck where the sea vulture flocks,
Of once happy souls that were lured on the rocks.

God's chart is the Bible, the Spirit our Guide,
Oh, follow them closely across the dark tide;
And soon you will touch at the heavenly docks,
And anchor for aye, safely past all the rocks.

DAFFODILS.

Winter's icy bands are broken,
Merrily the streamlets flow;
"Back to life," the Lord hath spoken,
And the Springtime's breezes blow.

Daffodils are slyly peeping,
From their soft and mossy bed,
Where beneath the snowdrifts sleeping,
Long they lay among the dead.

Soon the other flowers will waken,
From their sleep beneath the snow,
From the hand of Death be taken,
That they, too, may live and grow.

Lord, behold a little flower,
Lifts its hymn of praise to Thee,
For the sunshine and the shower,
Thou hast sent to set it free.

Let me scatter peace and gladness,
O'er the weary hearts of earth,
And instead of gloom and sadness,
Waken songs of joy and mirth.

THE ROBIN.

Hail to thee, Robin, forerunner of Springtime,
Fresh from the Southland, so sunny and fair,
Bringing thy message of brighter days coming,
Promise of blossoms perfuming the air.

Sweetly and clearly thy carols are ringing,
Over the meadows so dreary and bare,
Like a good angel thou bearest glad tidings,
Cheering the hearts that are burdened with care.

Scarcely a friend who will give thee a welcome,
Cheerless thy nights in the keen frosty air,
Dangers and hardships to prove thy good courage,
Scant is thy larder and meagre thy fare.

Prophet of Spring, thou art constant and loyal,
Braving the bleak, barren fields of the North,
Bearing thy message of sunshine and gladness,
Mortals are blind to thy beauty and worth.

Like other prophets who herald the coming,
Of changes brought nigh in the fulness of time,
Thou standest alone, yet thy message keeps ringing,
Proving thy faith, and a courage sublime.

Thanks to thee, Robin, thy courage inspires me,
Loyal and brave in the vanguard to be,
Bearing the news of a Springtime eternal,
Prophet of God, thou hast been unto to me!

EQUALITY.

If we could only lift the veil,
That hides the better land from this,
If we the shining heights could scale,
And catch a glimpse of heavenly bliss,
Methinks the ransomed host would be,
As round the throne they sweetly sing,
A proof of man's equality,
And woman's right to serve her King.

Away with Custom's tyrant laws,
Opposed to truth and liberty,
Henceforth we own a common cause,
The Word divine, our law shall be;
We own the right divinely sweet,
Of every soul among mankind,
To voice its will in power complete,
And dare misrule that power to bind!

Away with superstitious fears,
We tread not backward in our way;
Truth must prevail, our Captain cheers,
We hail the light of coming day!
We'll rise above the power of lust,
And own the right divinely given,
That Womankind shall share the trust,
To win the world for God and heaven!

THE POET'S DREAM.

The land of Song before me lies,
And charms my eager, watching eyes,
 With its rare beauties and delights;
My listening ear sweet music hears,
That softly soothes and sweetly cheers,
 My soul, with rapturous sounds and sights.

'Tis like a glimpse of Paradise,
Beheld from barren fields of ice,
 For I'm denied the joys I see;
And yet while teardrops wet my cheek,
I seem to hear an angel speak,
 With magic sweetness unto me:

“Sad heart, look up,
 Life's flowing cup,
Is sweet or bitter, as you choose;
 And Time shall bring,
 On tireless wing,
Fulfillment of those cherished views.”

OUR FATHER'S LOVE.

When clouds are dark and full of gloom,
And hearts are sad and breaking,
When hope seems buried in the tomb,
Beyond the power of waking;
We long to feel our Father's arms,
So strong, about us twining,
And find relief from all alarms,
While on His breast reclining.

When faith has wellnigh lost its hold,
Upon the promise spoken,
When all the world is dark and cold,
Life's vision marred and broken;
Oh, how we long for some sweet voice,
To comfort and to cheer us,
To bid our aching hearts rejoice,
And tell us God is near us.

Ah, if we only had the trust,
To take his offered blessing,
For he who promised, still is just,
We'd feel His hand caressing;
We'd hear his accents, full of grace,
Forbid our sad repining,
And see the glory of His face,
Amid our darkness shining.

THE KINGDOM OF LIGHT.

There's a land where the breath of the Spring's sweetest
roses,

Lingers on through the year, and the year never dies;
Where the light never fades and the day never closes,
And the measure of bliss is unmingled with sighs.

There's a kingdom where love never pales in its splendor,
Where the bonds of affection grow stronger each hour,
While the wealth of devotion, so pure and so tender,
Never loses its sweetness or lessens its power.

There's a city which shines with a glory supernal,
Where the walls are of jasper and the pavement of gold,
Where the cycles of time, never ending, eternal,
Bring new joys as they pass, and time never grows old.

There's a mansion prepared in that city of splendor,
For each one of the faithful, who gather around;
And a welcome awaiting us, loving and tender,
When we pass from the limit of earth's narrow bound.

There's a harp and a crown in that mansion of glory,
Only waiting my coming to make them my own;
Where the angels are singing love's unending story,
And casting their crowns at the foot of the throne.

Oh! I long to be there by the bright crystal river,
To behold in his beauty, my Saviour and King,
Never more to go out from His presence forever,
Through eternity's ages His praises to sing.

GOD'S KINGDOM RULES.

'Tis not the one who suffers most,
By stormy billows rudely tossed,
Who comes to know the most of fame,
Or has the longest titled name.

'Tis not the heart that slaves in grief,
With no fair prospect of relief,
That wears the largest diamond crest,
By worldly fortune crowned and blest.

'Tis not the stoutest, truest soul,
Who reaches first the shining goal,
'Tis not the bravest volunteer,
That always gets the loudest cheer.

More often do we see in life,
Mid scenes of envy, greed and strife,
The victor's palm is borne aloft,
By fools and cowards, weak and soft!

'Twas ever thus, will ever be,
Brave souls must suffer while they see,
Their fairest idols trampled down,
And honors thrust upon a clown!

Yet over all God's kingdom reigns,
While truth and justice he maintains;
Above, at last, we'll reach the prize,
And wear our laurels in the skies!

THE SECRET OF FAITH.

Would you have the Saviour near,
Only believe it;
Would you have His strength and cheer,
Only believe it.

Jesus bids you seek His face,
Only believe it;
He will give you strength and grace,
Only believe it.

He who sees each sparrow fall,
Only believe it;
Waiteth now to hear your call,
Only believe it.

Trusting whatso'er He saith,
Only believe it;
Taking what you need by faith,
Only believe it.

God's unfailing riches stand,
Only believe it;
Open to His children's hand,
Only believe it.

WORDS OF JESUS.

Oh, the precious words of Jesus,
How they thrill my soul with joy,
Like the oil on troubled waters,
When the cares of earth annoy;
How they bring sweet rest and comfort,
To my weary, fainting soul,
Speaking peace and sweet forgiveness,
When the angry billows roll.

Oh, the precious words of promise,
That we have in boundless store,
In God's treasure house of wisdom,
If we but its deeps explore;
Words of faithful admonition,
Lest we from his judgments stray,
As a lamp unto our pathway,
And a light to guide our way.

Words of loving commendation,
For His tried and faithful saints,
Standing in the fiery furnace,
When the human nature faints;
Oh, the precious words of Jesus,
May they still my portion be,
Till I reach my home in glory,
And my Saviour's face I see.

SINCE JESUS SAVED ME.

My life is full of sunshine,
My heart is full of joy,
Since Jesus Christ has saved me,
I've peace without alloy;
In fellowship most sweet,
I sit at His dear feet,
And Satan ne'er can lure my soul away.

I wandered once in darkness,
My path was sad and lone,
But since the Saviour found me,
The shadows all have flown;
The clouds have passed away,
My night has turned to day,
And I am happy in my Saviour's love.

The way is growing brighter,
I'm pressing toward the goal,
Earth's cares are growing lighter,
There's rapture in my soul;
My warfare soon will cease,
And I shall find release,
And be forever with my blessed Lord.



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